

### Let's Have Fun...

Let's have a big Christmas this year! Let's get more gifts, spend more money, send more Christmas cards than ever before. For what is Christmas but the time to out-spend and out-send everybody else?

The "Spirit" of Christmas isn't anything illusive and spiritual. All it means is giving bigger presents than the next fellow.

Who ever got the idea that Christmas is a time for serious thinking and worship? That sort of thing was fine once, but today it's outmoded.

What we need for our modern times is something to take our minds off the problems we face. We want to forget about the Russians, the H-bomb and Korea.

So, we must party, party, party, get drunk and have fun. Just forget all the rest.

Forget that there are Russians, an H-bomb and a Korea. Forget that it's not the gifts, but the meaning of giving that counts. Forget that church services, as well as parties, are going on Christmas Eve.

And forget along with it that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, the greatest gift of all.

Forget all of it, but let's have a big Christmas this year!

### Have You Thought?...

Have you ever stopped to think just what Salem would be like if there was no faculty participation in any activities other than those of the classroom variety?

Do you know that there are schools, and plenty of them, where faculty members do not hold open houses every Sunday night for the students; where teachers do not play basketball with the students; and where professors do not drop by a dorm and discuss an on-coming test in their class? What would Salem be like under such conditions?

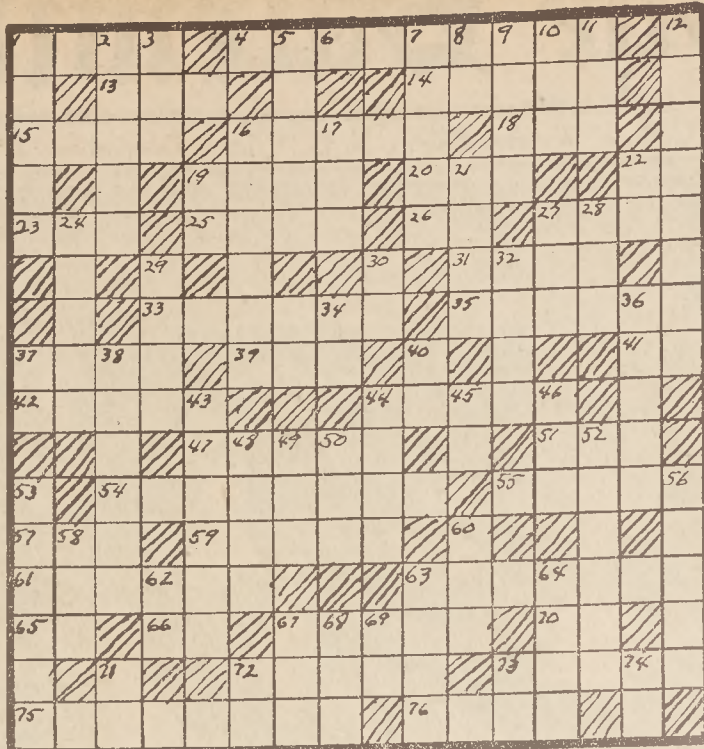
You know that Salem is not like this, and you also know that you would not like it if it were. So maybe you've just taken the close relationship between faculty and students here at Salem for granted. Probably most of us have, but let's stop for just a moment and be thankful that we are not one of those "other schools".

Let's be thankful that the head of our education department will read "The Littlest Angel" to us in chapel; let's be thankful that the head of our history department will keep us up to date on current political affairs; let's enjoy the fact that ten faculty members will give up an evening to come and match wits with students in a spelling bee; and let's show our appreciation to those who will miss their own supper in order to talk to some campus organization over our after-dinner coffee.

Let's remember that the college president may have more important things to do than pop into the paper office with helpful hints and criticism—but still he does it because he likes to help us; and that deans may be terribly busy when we go into the office and start an oration on the dust that settles on our window sill—and yet they listen to us with the utmost patience because they want us to be happy.

Let's be thankful then for all the millions of little things that each faculty member does for us every week—all those little things that help to make the friendly atmosphere at Salem like it is.

S. R.



### From The Staff

#### ACROSS

- 1. I'll Be ..... For Christmas
- 4. December 25
- 13. Clinging vine
- 14. A proverb
- 15. Traditional knowledge
- 16. Senior Home Ec. major
- 18. King
- 19. Christmas
- 20. What children want for Christmas
- 22. Pronoun
- 23. Affirmative answer
- 25. "Somebody ..... is Taking My Place"
- 26. Morning
- 27. Jolly Old Saint .....
- 31. Land of the oil dispute
- 33. Kind of sock
- 35. Little Tommy .....
- 37. Orange covering
- 39. Already
- 41. First two letters of Salem reversed
- 42. The Littlest .....
- 44. We get them on Christmas
- 51. We're descended from it!
- 54. The birth of Christ
- 55. .... Christmas!
- 57. Long ..... and Far Away
- 59. You hang decorations on them
- 61. Dressed up
- 63. A radioactive element
- 65. .... Dancer, ..... Prancer
- 66. To Be ..... not To Be
- 67. Christmas dinner
- 70. Anglo-Saxon (abbr.)
- 72. Instrument for playing taps
- 73. Red hot
- 75. Receptacle for Santa's goodies
- 76. Gift for the girls

#### DOWN

- 1. Deck the Halls With Boughs of .....
- 2. Pogs
- 3. Day before Christmas
- 5. What we deck
- 7. He comes down the chimney
- 8. Touchdown (abbr.)

- 9. Mother of Jesus
- 10. A woman never tells her .....
- 11. Kinsey knows about it
- 12. Santa has white ones
- 16. Praise of a person
- 17. Old Robert E. ....
- 19. Biblical "you"
- 21. Skip
- 22. University of Colorado (abbr.)
- 24. What happens to the turkey after it's cooked
- 27. Girl's name
- 28. Writing fluid
- 29. A man
- 30. Old English (abbr.)
- 32. A steady couple's fight
- 34. Rank in army or navy (abbr.)
- 36. .... beaver
- 37. Ma's better half
- 38. Christmas drink
- 40. Rhode Island (abbr.)
- 43. The former and the .....
- 44. Them what has .....
- 45. European country (abbr.)
- 46. Faye Lee's pinned to one
- 48. It has wings
- 49. .... Maria!
- 50. Men get millions for Christmas
- 52. The angels sang it
- 53. You sing 'em
- 56. Very good
- 58. It makes you want to sin
- 60. Shewmake teaches it
- 62. When you gotta, you gotta
- 63. New and ..... cars
- 64. Hang your Christmas stocking on a .....
- 67. 8:30 classes are not much .....
- 68. A chicken laid it
- 69. .... Capone
- 71. Why don't you ..... right
- 72. Half of Bing
- 73. Fluorine (abbr.)

The answers to the crossword puzzle can be found in the Salemite office on the bulletin board.

### Letter To The Editor

To the Editor:

Last week-end Salem College made a great advancement regarding its social privileges. Students attending the dance were given one o'clock permission. This is not a new privilege, but it is one that the students regard very highly.

Those going to the dance were also permitted to sign out in their respective dormitories. We all thought this was an improvement over the previous system of everyone's signing out in Clewell. The system of signing out in our dormitories proved very effective. It was simpler, quicker, and less confusing.

Since this system of signing out has proven itself so effective, why couldn't it be kept this way? It worked effectively last week-end when a large number of students went to the dance.

It is absurd for us to sign out in Clewell when we have a date. It has been said that the reason we have to do this is that someone has to be on duty when we sign out. But last week-end no one was watching us sign out. There were house presidents who could see to it that everyone was in on time.

We are college students, and it seems as though we should be treated as such. We are old enough not to have someone watch our every move.

The students should be permitted to sign out in their dormitories. They would be on their honor, as always. Why not try this and see what happens? It is believed that there would be positive results. It would also be another credit to Salem College.

Laura Mitchell



By Jean Calhoun

Santa Claus came last week.

He left a note, "Merry, I'll be so busy around the 25th, I figured I should let you know I won't be able to bring you anything this year. All of my final exams are piling up right before Christmas. These North Polian Profs!"

"Ah," I said, smacking my academic lips together. "Exams are a universal plague." Slaying a finger aside of my nose and hollering a holler, I set to work.

"Nothing, not even education," I muttered with my hand on "The Night Before" and pledging my oath of St. Nick, "is going to take the rosy from Santa's cheeks or the jelly from his bowl full of."

My Little Brain ticked away gleefully looking for a solution. "Easy," it said to me in a tired, tired voice, "Just petition." Then it hummed sarcastically, "Into each week a petition must fall."

So I drew myself up and drew up a petition "To What North Polian Profs It May Concern." Now listen here! It is hereby petitioned by the undersigned that Santa be exempted from exams because he promised to come see me the 25th. I am no longer a child, but I want what I want when I want it." Then I undersigned.

Obviously, the petition had to go through the North Gee, The Board of Icicle Control and the Big Ice Berg. Having heard that there is often corruption in high places, I decided to throw my weight around.

I wired: My grandmother, a pillow in this community, has patronized Santa Claus for 83 years. If Santa is not exempted from exams, she will tell all of her friends to change and patronize another Santa. Your school, North Polian Profs, will suffer indirectly." I undersigned.

This did the trick.

However, Santa came again and left another note. "Merry, got exempted. But now I have no over-nights." Poor Santa! Again I petitioned, again I threatened, again I undersigned. Finally I got Santa free.

He was coming and at his regular time.

December 25th.

I sighed a "wha-hopped" sigh as I walked into the room and saw what Santa had done to me. Maybe he should have stayed and taken the exams. Or, more maybe, he had gotten my letter confused with someone else's. No! There was my list, written in my most subtle manner, and there were my gifts.

On the floor sat a dog.

"Santa," I had written, "most definitely, need a brown furry thing to have for my own. I don't want the fur to be long and shaggy but short, soft, carressable." Perhaps I should have mentioned that I wanted it monogrammed, that would have put the doggy idea out of Santa's head.

Next a huge goldfish bowl.

"Santa," I had written, "Also leave me a great big shiny thing, clear, and flawless. So perfect that everyone's head will swim when they see it." Should I have added for Simple Santa that I wanted to wear it on my finger?

Beside these gifts lay a red bicycle.

"I want it red, Santa," I had implied. The part he had gotten correctly. "I want it to be open, so my hair will blow when I ride on it. I want it to be modern in line and conveniences." Santa had put all kinds of bells and horns on it. Perhaps I should have said I wanted it to sound like the first part of the sentence, "A cat'll act mean if you put its tail."

Education has its advantages, I theorized. Old Santa definitely should have taken his exams.

Again I petitioned:

Experience teaches us all, I guess. The North Polian Profs always know best. Santa Claus is a jolly 'ole fellow. But please leave him in school to mellow. For, honestly, I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight, "I hope you a Merry Christmas! It ain't raining tonight!" Again I undersigned.

### The Salemite



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